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SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

ONE DAY'S CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Sometimes it is a cycle of murder, sometimes of suicide, again of robbery, yet again of disaster by land or sea. Yesterday it was a strange epidemic of horrors, taking many forms of crime and casualty.

In New York there was the awful dynamite accident at the Arcade Building; at St. Paul, ten men were killed by fire, between the walls; on the New York and New England railway was the fatal smash-up at East Thompson; up in the Hudson River was the tragedy of the rounded brick scows and their drowned crews; as a disaster by fire, there was the burning of the Pennsylvania Railway offices in the New Jersey City depot. And with these as prominent events of the day, there were scattered an unusual quota of suicides, and of single casualties, such as the loss of a fireman's life at the Seventh street fire in Brooklyn.

In contemplating the record of such a twenty-four-hour period as this one is almost tempted into sympathy with the old superstitions as to unlucky stars and concurrent horoscopes. May such another day be far removed, if it must come at all!

A man who some years ago sold to a surgeon for \$10 the right to dissect his body and mount his skeleton after his death thought he had made a good bargain at the time, for he needed the money. Now he is rich and wants to buy off the doctor in order that the sexton may have a chance and that he may get Christian burial. But if he stops to think of it his body won't be worth any more than it was when it constituted his sole possession.

THE EVENING WORLD was first on the scene yesterday with the news of the tomb explosion in Russell Sage's office. It was likewise the only afternoon paper that printed an accurate story of the attack on Mr. Sage. The others gave circumstantial accounts of two dynamiters visiting the broker's office, whereas there was only one, as printed in THE EVENING WORLD.

A Philadelphia cellar-digger, coming home and finding his supper not ready, fired a pistol shot at his wife. "I'm a bad man when I'm hungry," said he. He was a bad marksman, too, and missed the woman. The fellow will soon be living where meals are regular, but in his seclusion he may come to realize that a slow supper is better than a hasty temper.

Iron bars have again failed to make a cage, this time in Hackensack. A jailbird took poison, and the vital part of him flew to the unknown. It seems as if some inquiry were proper among the officials whose duty it is to search prisons at the institution in question.

It is said that the Republicans of the State mean not only to turn over a new leaf, but to turn down their old chief for the New Year; that an anti-Platt conference is likely to be called soon in this city. Presently there may be less boldness outside the breastworks.

A Cortland mother beat almost unto death the brute of a man who assaulted her little daughter. It served him right. More strength to the arm of every mother who finds herself so called to the defense of her child.

BILLY McGLORY was arrested on Thursday. But his business went on at the old stand, merrily as ever, last night. Outlawry, it seems, was not outlawed in New York, after all.

An uptown saloon-keeper who set his bullet on an inoffensive peddler seems likely himself to feel the teeth of the law. He mistook both the use of dogs and peddlers.

Dom PEDRO is dead in exile. Brazil will mourn the man, for it was not against him but against the principle of monarchy that the Brazilians revolted.

A stranded opera singer attempts suicide in Lancaster, Pa. She must learn to better endure life's false notes.

Will Soon Be Out of Mind, Too. [From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

New York's system of rapid transit will be "out of sight." That is, it will be underground.

Breezes from the N. E. Corner. [From the Kansas City Star.]

Truth has long been told to the bottom of a well, but an Atchison County, Kan., man is going to pump therefrom a supply of air to cool his house in summer.

Like Magic. [From the Williamsport Sun.]

The latest advertising dodge of the Emperor William is said to be the calling of an international conference of the medical experts to test his sanity.

Insane Advertising. [From the Rochester Post-Express.]

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One by One the Earls Do Fall. [From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

Lord Lytton was the sixteenth Earl to die this year. Scotland lost two, Ireland four and England ten.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

An interview in a Gymnasium. I saw a sign of "Boxing and Gymnastic Upstairs," and I went up simply to see what sort of a place it was. There were only a few people up there, and one of them was a young man with a black eye and a dejected countenance. As he seemed to be unhappy I left it my duty to speak to him and see what I could do to make his path more pleasant.



MAKE THEM HAPPY.

The Poor Children Look to You for a Merry Christmas.

Swell the Fund or Send a Bundle of Gifts.

No Time to Be Lost If You Want to Help the Tree Parties.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier, N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager, "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	\$115.59
R. M.	2.00
R. D.	2.00
John J. Keating	2.00
Franklin House Collection	2.00
Waltie Whelan	1.00
Johnnie and Robbie Ricket	1.00
J. W. R.	1.00
A Friend50
Viola Howard25
John S. McNeal25
Johnnie McNeal25
Fannie Lake15
Glossy MacAdams10

Not three weeks are left to complete the work which is to provide nearly 30,000 children with a happy Christmas.

Pearls appeals are being daily received. Here is an extract from one of many:

"I am a very poor woman with five small children. My husband got a fall and broke three of his ribs and cannot work. I wish you would please remember my children at Christmas. I have no money and the poor children are only half clothed."

There are thousands such cases as these which the Evening World hopes to reach through its generous readers.

Send in your gifts to the depot at 74 Fifth Avenue without delay. The express companies will convey them free.

Manager C. Henry French has given the use of the Grand Opera House again, and Margaret St. John, Miss W. Shannon and a number of well-known artists will produce.

Manager Harry C. Miner gives the use of the People's Theatre, and will be there with an orchestra of his own in the good work.

President Reilly gives the use of the Carnegie Music Hall, where children living up to the standard of the Little Waifs of that district.

Manager H. Blumberg, of Nelson Hall, at Eleventh street and Irving place, will open his doors to the eager crowd.

Every dollar will benefit a number of little ones, for all that is purchased is obtained at the lowest wholesale cost, for the good cause.

How much brighter your own Christmas will seem in the knowledge that you have made many little hearts brighter and happier—marked an era in their pitiful, miseries and brought smiles to many a wan and sad face.

Do not postpone your generosity, or you may overlook it or forget it in the hurry of business. Remember, "he gives twice who gives quickly."

TOYS FROM CRANDALL.

The Child's Benefactor Will Help Materially to Fill the Trees.

Among the first to respond to the call for gifts for the Christmas trees last year was J. A. Crandall, the well-known toy manufacturer of Brooklyn. He sent a huge box of toys of every description, and many a class of master as can be obtained, and will be valuable in both editorial rooms and publication offices.

Master James G. Blaine the third has put on trousers, and his deserted mother has filed papers praying for divorce from her husband. The boy expresses almost as much pride in his grandfather as he does in his new clothes. The mother takes pride only in her boy and her self-respect.

The regal Russell, easily the fairest queen of song, admitted an anniversary of her birth yesterday, and the votaries of this goddess twenty-nine years at the limit of her age. But whether she be twenty-nine or thirty-four, the Gleam falls in line with the hosts of admirers who wish the beautiful songstress many more returns of the day than her managers will ever allow her to acknowledge.

I didn't want to hurt the young man, but as he was willing to take the risks I led for him. I expected to knock him head over heels, but he was still circling around me after I got through leading.

"I think I will go now. I've got to be at the bridge in just fifteen minutes. I can plainly see now how the Kid!"

"Swing very right for me, jaw!" he yelled, as his dancing and prancing grew more vicious.

"But I don't want to break your jaw."

He had requested me to kill him in his absurd theories, and so I began prancing.

"Dat's de ideal!" he called, as he dodged about. "Now, den, hold yer right a little lower. Dat's it! Up a little wid yer left. Dat's wey!"

"But, I assure you, my dear fellow, that I didn't come here to—"

"Lead for me wid yer left!"

"Lead for me, I say! Do you want to stand there like a chump and let me do all de work?"

"Prance, I say!" he yelled.

It seemed proper to humor him in his absurd theories, and so I began prancing.

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Will do something for you this year also. Any one whose heart is big enough to find out the wants of the darling little poor by sending in a contribution will be sure to be rewarded with the judgment that THE EVENING WORLD is superinely blessed with ought to be supplied with the necessities for such a grand little tree.

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